

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



A FORMIDABLE ARRIVAL.

THE CRINKLES OF CRINKLEWOOD HALL.

CHAPTER V.

BY the side of the road that lay between Upper and Lower Crinkle sat Mrs. Chippery, looking truly "the picture of misery." When would Job come back? Surely he had not had the hard-heartedness to start off for Canada without one word of "make up" or good-bye! No, she could not believe it of him; but every one knows how, when the heart is

stirred to its lowest depths, the dust gets into the eyes of the judgment, and fancies the most extravagant take possession of the blinded mind. She was ignorant that in the exuberance of his joy he had crossed the ferry, without waiting to go home, that he might at once deliver Madame Topliffe's order to the manager at the quarries and be "put on." This done, he had deliberately turned homewards, and while she was fretting, crying, and wondering on the road-side, he was looking for her round the deserted

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

cottage, of which, Yorkshire-like, she had taken the key, notwithstanding her agony of grief.

"You've not set eyes on my master, Job Chipperry, have you? He went up to Crinkle more than two good hours since, and I'm waiting for him back." It was thus she saluted the few that passed her on their way up or down.

Job meantime, not believing she would confide her intentions to the neighbours, asked no questions, but seated himself on a little gate at the back of the cottages with his book in his hand to wait her return. His heart, although it had been for him much moved, did not conjure up wild theories; he had no suspicion that his "missus" was "gone off to Yorkshire," but he had missed his dinner, and he wanted his tea, and wished she would come home.

While he waited thus, he turned over the past in his mind, and thought much on what the captain had told him. He had told him that without discipline, even-handed and regular, there could be no honour brought to God, no happiness to man. He had spoken so strongly on the effects of his remissness in this matter, the harm it had done to his wife, and the misery it had brought on himself, that he had succeeded in convincing him. He condemned his past conduct, and saw that much of the blame he had laid on her belonged of right to himself.

If Job had seen the look of agony with which she beheld him turn from the door, and heard her despairing cry as she reproached herself for her shrew-like conduct, he would not have grieved, as he really did, for what he thought was her indifference to, if not dislike of, him. But he was too much agitated when he started for Upper Crinkle to look behind, so he knew nothing of her true state of mind. At last, finding she did not return, he thought it better to ask if any one knew where she had gone. One neighbour told him one thing, another another; but a little woman who had just returned from Crinkle, where she had been selling her fish, said she had passed her sitting on the road, that she was "crying quite bitter," and had asked her if she had seen him in her way.

This was enough. Job blamed himself aloud for not having come home before going to the quarries, and started off to fetch her.

It was a touching scene when they met. She was so overjoyed to see him, that she went hastily to meet him, saying, "Oh, I know'd it wasn't in you to leave me for good, an' all like that!" and burst into a torrent of tears as she clasped his arm.

"Why, where did'e think I was gone?" he asked, with a kindly smile.

"I didn't know! Away off where you said, perhaps; but oh, Job, if you'll forgive me once and for all, I'll never be what I have been, I promise you. Me as never humbled myself to nobody before, I'll go down on my knees to beg you to forgive me. I will, Job; and oh, if you'll only—only—" (here her sobs interrupted her). Job was much moved. "My wife!" he cried, tenderly, "there's a deal behind us as wants forgiving in both. We'll share and share alike in the blame, and God grant that what's to come may be more to His mind, that's all." So saying, with a hearty embrace he wiped the tears from her face, and told her, when she had become calm enough to listen, about Madame Topliffe and her goodness.

Very lovingly they walked home together, and such a meal they had as they had never before

enjoyed—no, not in their honeymoon, if they could be said ever to have had one.

Johnny Marks was greatly edified the next visit he paid them, which was that very evening, for he was anxious to know how the quarry scheme had turned out. Job looked so calm and cheerful, and "the missus" was another woman. "I'm glad on't—glad to my heart," he said to himself as he left them. "Job couldn't do half the good he might while he had such a trial of a wife; and as for her, poor woman, she must have been in the mind of the man as made that 'poetry'":

'Men have many faults,
Women have but two:
There's nothing right they say,
Nor nothing right they do!'

Very hard upon 'em; but the missus warn't given to say right things, and if she *did* right ones, it come with such a bad grace they went the wrong way with poor Job. It seems it'll be different now, if it holds; and by the look of both on 'em I think it will; really I think it will!"

The little man, who was a favourite with all on account of his loving, peace-making spirit, hitched his basket closer on his arm as he walked on with his usual quick short steps towards his home, resolving that when next he came he would bring another lily to replace that which had been broken "by a haccident," as Mrs. Chipperry informed him when he looked at the empty pot in the window-seat. "She've got a natural love of flowers, and that's a good thing in a woman always. I should think as Eve was happy in the posies of Eden—very—and did her best to raise what she could when she was turned out of it. Ah, if she had kept to the flowers and not taken the fruit, as wasn't meant for her, she'd never have got among thorns and briars."

Johnny, who was a preacher at the little Crinkle Chapel, was evidently turning this thought to account in a sermon, as he finished his walk home.

But about Madame Topliffe and the captain. We left them going to mount the baker's cart; they did mount it, and off they drove, somewhat to the chagrin of Mrs. Macfarlane, inasmuch as a drive in a baker's cart was not beseeeming for one occupying her "apartments," and therefore it might be an injury to her lodgings; but she contented herself with explaining to the neighbours, who all peeped out to see the novel adventure, that "Madame Topliffe being out of the common could do anything she liked; great folks would often make a shift with what little folks would be ashamed of."

Meantime madame's spirits were at the highest; she delighted in the jolts on the road, which reminded her of continental travel and its inconveniences. "Now you know, Capel, you, being a man of the world and a soldier, can do this sort of thing with indifference; but I don't suppose any English lady of my acquaintance would have consented to my warmest entreaties; poor foolish things, what they lose! I pity them!"

Captain Chancellor, although not over-particular in his tastes, could not cordially join in her ecstatic praises of the baker's cart; she was indifferent to the flour that powdered her black silk dress, but he would have preferred keeping his clothes free from it. However, she continued her lively chat, not suspecting that he in the least differed from her, and in time they approached the Thorpe.

"A good place," she cried. "The Crinkles knew how to build;" then she began to compare it with chateaux she had seen, declaring it would look well by any one of them. "And to think of this lion (or bear!) living in this wide, fine house" (stretching out her arms as if to measure or embrace it) "all by himself! Oh, shocking!"

"Please, mum," asked the baker, "where shall I put you out? I always go in at the back part."

"I never do," cried madame, "unless I have a purpose to serve. Drive round to the front entrance."

The baker hesitated. "Maybe guv'ner'll be angry," he expostulated.

"Of course he will; never mind, I'll explain," she cried, gaily. But it needed decision and a clear promise to stand bail for him in case of offence being taken, before he would go to the front, where very reluctantly he at last drove.

The governor was never in a worse humour; he had not got over his morning troubles; he was growling out his complaints to Shuck, who stood in his usual attitude at his side.

"Wheels—a horse—don't you hear?" he cried as the cart passed under the study window to the entrance.

"Well; what is it?" he demanded, as Shuck, merely remarking that he *did* hear, kept his place.

"What is it?" angrily repeated his master.

"Most likely a carriage," said Shuck, calmly.

"Get to the window and look," cried the governor.

Shuck obeyed, and after watching the cart out of sight as it turned to the entrance, answered, "It isn't a carriage."

"What then?"

"It's the baker's cart; whatever brought him this road I can't think!"

"Baker's cart!" cried the governor.

"Yes," said Shuck, "and folks in it—gentlefolks they look like." This he judged from the glance he had caught of the captain, whom he recognised immediately, though he thought it prudent not to mention him.

"There—go—see who they are, and send them off at once: d'ye hear?" cried the governor, impatiently.

"Yes," replied Shuck, not moving except by a turn of his head towards the door.

"Go!" vociferated his master.

"What a rattler!" he cried, advancing a step or two, and still listening. "You heard that?" he said, turning to the governor.

Indeed the peal from the bell, and the "rattler" from the knocker, were too loud and strong not to be heard all over the place.

"Impudent beggars!" cried the governor, beside himself with rage.

"Bain't beggars!" said Shuck, answering the epithet literally, "they're gentlefolks, I'm bound to believe, however they come by the baker's cart: and they're let in," he added, after a pause, "they are—and it's my belief they're a-coming up—it is indeed!"

Shuck was really nervous as he said this, for he could not quietly reckon on the effect the apparition of "the captain" would have on his master. He was afraid to say that he knew he was one of the company, and he was afraid to let him intrude again without notice. Again and again the governor shouted "Go!" but he stood with the door partially open, peeping over the balustrade on to the wide old staircase, as if he did not hear him.

"They are a-coming up! Oh dear, what's to be done?" he cried in a panic as he saw the captain and madame mounting the stairs.

"Send them down—at once—go!" The governor's voice was hoarse with agitation, and he trembled all over, as if he had an instinctive perception of what awaited him.

Shuck was sorely perplexed. He had just recognised Madame Topliffe, though he had not seen her for many years; he knew she would be more obnoxious than the captain even; but there was no help for it. He went out, shutting the door behind him, just in time to prevent his being pushed out by the governor, and met the "beggars" at the top of the staircase. He made a sort of bow as he said, with a scared look, "Please you bain't to come up, by no means!"

"But 'please' we are 'come up,'" cried madame, gaily, carrying her black silk train, with its flour sprinkling, over her arm.

"But," said Shuck, struggling for breath, "you can't come in—it's a thing *quite* impossible!"

"Not 'quite,' believe me," she replied, in the same tone. "I hope Governor Crinkle is not ill?"

"Wuss, a deal, than ill," cried Shuck, solemnly.

"Bad here and here?" she inquired, laying her hand on her head and heart.

Shuck nodded in silence.

"Tell him I am come—you remember me? Tell him I have brought him news—good news, if he knows his own interest."

"I can't, for my life, tell him no such a thing," said Shuck, earnestly.

"Then stand back, and I'll tell him myself," she said, advancing to the door, on which he placed himself with his back against it, casting a most imploring look on both of them.

"Will you permit that? Remove him!" cried madame, a little incensed, to the captain, who desired him to stand aside, and said, if he feared to announce them, they would announce themselves. But Shuck looked as if he would die rather than move, whereupon the captain took him by the shoulder and made the way free for entrance.

Another second, and Madame Topliffe faced the governor. He had listened to the tumult, expecting it would end in the defeat of the enemy, little suspecting who the enemy was. He was standing not far from the door, and the Gorgon would not have had a much more disastrous effect on him than had that delicate little head with its pretty, frizzled grey curls, and the hat, or bonnet, that was poised on it. With her wonderful tact in an emergency, she stepped forward, and, holding out her hand, exclaimed, "I hope you are as glad to see me as I am to see you, Governor Crinkle." This was, of course, an equivocal greeting, but it came upon him so unexpectedly, and was so melodiously uttered, that he was quelled by it. Who could resist Madame Topliffe when her purpose was to conquer?

He stood irresolute, his face a blank, as if he had no power left to storm, as if he understood nothing that was passing. Meantime she tripped into the room, saying, "I was so bent on seeing you that I made a chariot of the baker's cart, as Crinkle could furnish me with no other; and my good cousin and your nephew, Captain Chancellor, was so good as to be my escort."

Here Captain Chancellor made his appearance. A frown was gathering on the governor's brow; but

she anticipated it, running on with a lively description of Shuck's resistance of their admission, and complimenting him on having such a valiant, faithful body-guard.

Shuck, who was listening at the door, was much relieved by this sally, and felt more hopeful as to his master's reception of his excuses and explanations when he should be left alone with him.

"What a charming place is this!" she exclaimed; "you are happy in having one of the most perfect abodes I have seen in this country. And this room! I have been in it, in your father's time (when, of course, I was a child)—I admire it greatly; you must spend many delightful hours in so admirable a retreat. Is it not charming, Capel?"

Captain Chancellor, hardly knowing which was most "charming"—her mastering the difficulties of the situation, the governor's absolute defeat, or Shuck's rueful but inquiring face at the door—bowed assent.

"Now why do we stand? I ask pardon—you wait for your guests to sit. Capel, chairs!" she cried; but spying a small embroidered ottoman, she seized it and sat on it, disposing her ample skirt around her with elegant ease, and talking all the time.

There was nothing to be done but for the captain to place a chair for the governor and take one for himself, and, to Shuck's unspeakable surprise, he beheld them all seated, one on each side of madame, as if ready for a conference.

But the conference madame did not mean to begin with intemperate haste; her "tactics" were too good for that. So she remarked on the scenery, then went off to the new road she had heard that he was making, and enlarged on what a great improvement it would be to the place.

The captain had not spoken, nor had the governor, except in one or two monosyllables. The former was waiting with amused interest for the marrow of the visit to be produced; the latter sat in fidgety suspicion—like a lien or bear or bull in a net—wondering what was coming. At last she opened the matter.

"I dare say you wonder what brought me to Crinkle. Well, as we are joint possessors of these quarries (I holding a small, very small, portion)—which have improved so vastly under your management—I thought I would come and talk to you about it; you may help me with a little advice. I want to do the best I can, not on my own account (like you, I am quite independent of any means arising from such a source), but for the sake of those to whom it will be everything."

Here she fixed her irresistible eyes on him. His own flinched under them, and he moved nervously, but he did not speak. She knew that silence would not do, so she went on, "I have been to the works—I went yesterday; very good order, very good. I don't understand the machinery employed, but it appears to me you have chosen the very best; all the last improvements, I was told. Oh, it is a fine thing to have a man of spirit and enterprise as a co-trustee!"

"A what?" cried the governor, that word breaking the spell in which he had been held.

"How you startled me!" she exclaimed, laughing. "A co-trustee, I said—are we not co-trustees?"

"Co-trustees?" he gasped, "what d'ye mean, ma'am?"

"Oh, surely you know what I mean," she answered, gently but firmly. "You don't love the

Chancellors—nor do I (except my cousin Capel), although I fell somehow into the family; but it is a long family, and has been a powerful one, and is powerful enough now to take care of all the rights of all its members—even those of poor little orphans."

The governor was about to rise—to do he knew not what—but she placed her little hands on his huge arm, and said, "Oh, you mustn't move, really you mustn't; I haven't done yet."

Captain Chancellor had sat perfectly quiet while all this was going on, feeling that he had only to "watch the case," and that any interference on his part would be injurious rather than useful. He rose now, and going to the window, looked out on the scene below, for he judged, and rightly, that madame's success would be more hopeful if the governor were left to be vanquished without a witness.

For a time he listened with amusement to her lively attacks and his growled and grunted retorts, as she energetically pleaded the cause of the orphans and the utter futility of resisting their claim; but his attention was diverted from them by what took place beneath the window. Shuck had come forth from the entrance, as if to meet and turn back a party that seemed advancing towards it. A very remarkable party it was; more, he thought, like an army of crows led by a raven than anything else. There was evidently a strong contest between them. Shuck gesticulated vehemently, and tried his best to force a retreat; but not a step would the leader move, and the party behind kept their ground, standing in single file, as if one spirit and will animated the whole troop.

"Capital discipline!" thought the captain; "they look as firm as a forlorn hope!"

The leader, who was a woman in black, carried an infant, and the "forlorn hope" that followed her consisted of eight little children, all in sable garments, and graduating in size like steps.

In vain Shuck remonstrated and waved his hands. With stolid perseverance the force gained way, and drove him foot by foot from his position, till they all moved from the front, and turned the corner that led to the entrance.

What could it mean? A thought struck the captain. But no; it could not be the orphans! No one had heard definitely concerning their probable time of landing, and his sister, Mrs. Callendar, had made every provision for receiving them, and had written, with her offer of a home, full directions as to how they were to proceed on their arrival.

As he was considering what he had seen, a loud knock at the study door drew all eyes towards it. It was a knock, not of ceremony, but necessity,—made with hard knuckles. There was no time for the governor to say "Come in," even if he had intended it. After an evident tussle between parties contending for the handle, it was pushed open, and in walked "the crows" with their raven leader.

"It's eight 'little Chancellors,' and a babby and the woman as has brought 'em," Shuck cried, in an agitated, injured tone. "I'm sure I did my best to keep 'em down, but she wouldn't, she said, nohow. What a day this have been; and here's a pretty finish to it!"

There sat the governor, almost breathless with amazement and consternation. Madame was startled into an attitude characteristic of strong interest; Shuck stood the picture of despair at the door, as if

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waiting for his final sentence from his master, and worked up to readiness for it, for nature, even his, could bear no more; and the captain rested still against the window, surveying the group with a calm soldierlike look that took a professional view of the manoeuvre. But who shall paint the "forlorn hope"? The nurse, with the baby, facing undauntedly the governor, and four little Chancellors ranged on each side of her. Eighteen eyes were fixed on him at once; there might have been twenty, but the "babby" was asleep.

The apparition had the effect of producing for a short interval a profound silence, which no one seemed willing to break, till the nurse, a woman in person very like Mrs. Chipperry, but an inch or two taller, having cleared her throat and given a searching glance at Madame Topliffe and the captain, set her face again on the governor, and said, in a voice made somewhat louder by agitation and emotion, "We're come, you see, and I hopes we're welcome, for all we had to fight our way in."

"Shuck!" cried Madame Topliffe, looking with alarm at the governor, "your master is ill—not well. The surprise has overcome him; take him to his room."

It was time, for plainly enough the shock had been too much for him; he looked as if he were becoming insensible, and sank on one side, as though falling from his chair.

"This here's all along of *you*, missus," Shuck cried, reproachfully, as he pushed by the nurse to get at his master.

"Untie the cravat; loosen his waistcoat, Capel!"

Madame was quite concerned, and spoke with as much feeling as if the sick man had been her dearest friend.

There was no need to call "Capel!" he had reached the poor governor before Shuck, and his powerful arm supported him while his calm and ready judgment suggested the best mode of carrying him to his bed. Shuck, who was really attached to his master, was so frightened that all his usual coolness forsook him; this was doubtless owing, in a measure, to the numerous and strong contests in which he had been that day engaged.

The Crinkle doctor was sent for with all speed. But when laid down on his bed, free from all impediments to circulation, the governor seemed slightly to revive. Madame emptied the little bottle of eau de Cologne (her universal recipe for all bodily evils), which she always carried in her pocket, on his forehead; her hand, shaking a little from agitation, went too close to his eyes, and the smart had the effect of opening them.

"Charming!" cried madame, "he is coming to! I believe it is a faint, nothing more; oh if I had but a little more!" looking at the empty bottle with regret.

The governor's face began to assume a more lifelike appearance. He was evidently better, for he heard the comment over the empty bottle, and whispered "No, no more."

"We had better leave him, he may sleep," suggested the captain. "Shuck, you keep guard. He must be quite quiet till the doctor comes."

"Doctor?" murmured the governor; "I want no doctor; don't let him come."

His voice was quite imploring, and madame, sympathising in his superiority to professional help, agreed with Shuck when he declared "he believed

the sight of a doctor would put the last finish on him," and told him she would despatch the doctor.

"You'll see as that 'ooman and her niggers get off the premises, sir; it was her and them as did it," Shuck whispered to the captain, as he and madame left the room.

WIT IN COURT.

COURTS of justice, although in a general way dull and prosy enough to the uninterested spectator of their proceedings, are, nevertheless, occasionally enlivened by smart sayings, ready jokes, and droll clashes of wit between judge and jury, the gentlemen of the bar and their victims in the witness-box. The very sobriety and dulness of a court of justice in the ordinary way renders anything like a little fun very agreeable to all in court, except perhaps those who have serious issues at stake, and a smart repartee or a telling answer will rarely fail to win, at least, the nearest approach to applause that the decorum of the court will permit. From the lightest of witnesses to the gravest of judges, everybody who can fairly command his faculties in a court of justice seems to make it a point of saying a smart thing whenever an opportunity presents itself. Some of our judges, indeed, have been the most incorrigible of jokers, and have dealt out their wit very impartially to all comers. Lord Ellenborough was one of these. "What are you, sir?" asked his lordship, on one occasion when a gentleman stepped into the witness-box, dressed in rather a fantastic style, and proceeded to give his evidence in a manner as eccentric as his dress. "I employ myself as a surgeon," was the rather unfortunate reply. "But does anybody else employ you as a surgeon?" gravely inquired the judge. A similar question once put by another Lord Chief Justice to an individual whose competency as a bail was in dispute, elicited the reply that he was a colourman. "Ah," said the judge, "then it appears to me that you are brought here merely in the way of your business to give a colour to this transaction." On one occasion Lord Ellenborough was under the necessity of listening to an advocate who had the reputation of being a sound lawyer, but a terrible bore. The question before the court was the rateability of certain lime quarries to the relief of the poor. Counsel contended at a most wearisome length that such property was not rateable because the limestone in the quarries could be reached only by deep boring, which was a matter of science. "Well," interrupted his lordship, "as to that, you will hardly succeed in convincing us, sir, that every species of boring is a matter of science." It is said that there was only one man in court who failed to see the joke.

This famous judge has been credited with innumerable witticisms, some of them exceedingly sarcastic and telling. Henry Hunt, a noted demagogue of his day, was once before him to receive sentence upon a conviction for holding a seditious meeting, and he began a speech in mitigation of penalties by complaining of certain persons who accused him of "stirring up the people by dangerous eloquence." "My impartiality as a judge," mildly observed the Lord Chief Justice, "calls upon me to say, sir, that in accusing you of that they do you great injustice."

While speaking of this great judge there is an anecdote about him which has often been told before,

but which ought to be repeated here although for a moment it takes us fairly out of court, and cannot be given as an instance of wit. It is related that when on one occasion he was about to set out on circuit his wife proposed to accompany him, a proposition to which his lordship assented, provided there were no bandboxes tucked under the seat of his carriage, as he had too often found there had been when he had been thus honoured before. Accordingly Lord and Lady Ellenborough set out together, but had not proceeded very far before the judge, stretching out his legs under the seat in front of him, kicked against one of the flimsy receptacles which he had specially prohibited. Down went the window and out went the bandbox into the ditch; and when the coachman pulled up, supposing that the box had been accidentally dropped out, he was rather savagely ordered to drive on, and let the thing lie where it was. They reached the assize town in due course, and his lordship proceeded to robe for the court. "And now where's my wig?—where's my wig?" he demanded, when everything else had been donned. "Your wig, my lord," replied his servant, "was in the bandbox your lordship threw out of window as we came along."

But to get back into court. Judges have sometimes given decisions characterised by a wit and humour of a very decisive kind. Lord Mansfield, for instance, once had before him, in one of the provincial courts, a poor old soul whose neighbours had taken it into their benighted heads that she was a witch, and numbers of them came forward to bear witness to the fact of her having been seen at night travelling through the air feet uppermost. All the witnesses were evidently so immovable in their belief in witchcraft, and in their conviction that they had really seen what they described, that the Lord Chief Justice seems to have considered it useless to waste words upon them in any attempt to refute their folly; but he told them that even though it were true that the old lady had gone about her business in this eccentric fashion, it was impossible to convict her of any offence in so doing. The law of England, he assured them, did not forbid any of them to go about with either their head or their heels uppermost, whichever they found most convenient. The old lady must be discharged.

It was this judge, we believe, who once dealt such prompt and affable encouragement to a young barrister who had the reputation of being a very impudent, self-confident fellow, but who nevertheless seemed to have forgotten the speech he had evidently been entrusting to memory. "The unfortunate client who appears by me," he began—"the unfortunate client who appears by me—my lord, my unfortunate client—" "You can go on, sir," said the judge, in a soft and encouraging tone, "so far the court is entirely with you." Equally interesting was Lord Mansfield's mode of snubbing a famous physician who, when in the witness-box, treated his lordship with undue familiarity. Dr. Brocklesby had on the previous evening been a guest at the same dinner-table with the Lord Chief Justice, and had exchanged with him pleasantries of a rather free and easy kind. On the strength of this he ventured, on stepping into the box, to nod familiarly to his lordship, as to one of his acquaintances. Lord Mansfield took no notice of his salutation, but gravely wrote down his evidence, and when he came to it in the course of his summing up he said, "The next witness, gentlemen,

is one Rocklesby, or Brocklesby—Brocklesby or Rocklesby, I am not sure which—and first he swears that he is a physician."

In Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chief Justices," to which we are indebted for many of the anecdotes in this paper, there is a very good story illustrative of Lord Mansfield's ready wit on the bench. The joke this time was at the expense of Serjeant Hill, a very learned lawyer, but so incapable of applying his learning to the practical matters of life that he acquired among his professional brethren the name of Serjeant Labyrinth. On a certain trial a deed was produced in evidence, purporting to be an indenture, but which, instead of having its parchment edge cut zig-zag, as usual, appeared to have been cut quite straight. "Serjeant Hill, for the defendant, objected that it could not be received in evidence because the law says that such a conveyance of real property must be by indenture. There are two parts of it, one to be executed by each party. The counterparts must be written on the same piece of parchment, and then cut in toothed or waving line, so that, as a guard against forgery, they only fit in when applied to each other. The instrument is thus called an indenture because it is *instar dentium*. He then fortified his argument with dicta from the text writers, and decisions from the year books." Lord Mansfield did not dispute the validity of his arguments any more than he rejected the evidence in the trial of the witch, but after hearing him for a long time, he said, "Brother Hill, hand me up the deed." The deed was handed, and his lordship applied the edge of it to one eye, while he closed the other, and after a very careful examination, he thus pronounced judgment:—"I am of opinion that this is not a straight mathematical line, therefore it is *instar dentium*, and comes within your own definition of an indenture. Let it be read in evidence." On another occasion this same counsel was before him in a case which turned entirely on the meaning of an old woman's will, and the serjeant proceeded to draw out a wearisome string of instances from the year books, until at last Lord Mansfield could stand it no longer. "Brother Hill," he exclaimed, "do you think that although these cases may occupy the attention of an old woman, this old woman ever read them, or that any old woman can understand them?"

Keen and cutting words, or even trifling incivilities, indulged in at the expense of counsel, have sometimes met with swift retribution. Plunket was once engaged in a case, when, towards the end of the afternoon, it became a question whether the court should proceed or adjourn till the next day. Plunket expressed his willingness to go on if the jury would "set." "Sit, sir, sit," said the presiding judge, "not 'set;' hens set." "I thank you, my lord," said Plunket. The case proceeded, and presently the judge had occasion to observe that if that were the case, he feared the action would not "lay." "Lie, my lord, lie," exclaimed the barrister, "not 'lay;' hens lay." "If you don't stop your coughing, sir," said a testy and irritable judge, "I'll fine you a hundred pounds." "I'll give your lordship two hundred if you can stop it for me," was the ready reply. Curran was once addressing a jury, when the judge, who was thought to be antagonistic to his client, intimated his dissent from the arguments advanced by a shake of his head. "I see, gentlemen," said Curran, "I see the motion of his lordship's head. Persons unacquainted with his lordship would be apt to think

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his implied a difference of opinion, but be assured, gentlemen, this is not the case. When you know his lordship as well as I do, it will be unnecessary to tell you that when he shakes his head there really is nothing in it." On another occasion Curran was pleading before Fitzgibbon, the Irish Chancellor, with whom he was on terms of anything but friendship. The chancellor, with the distinct purpose, as it would seem, of insulting the advocate, brought with him on to the bench a large Newfoundland dog, to which he devoted a great deal of his attention while Curran was addressing a very elaborate argument to him. At a very material point in the speech the judge turned quite away, and seemed to be wholly engrossed with his dog. Curran ceased to speak. "Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said the chancellor. "Oh, I beg a thousand pardons, my lords," said the witty barrister, "I really was under the impression that your lordships were in consultation."

But perhaps the most crushing rejoinder ever flung back in return for an insult from the bench was that which this same advocate hurled at Judge Robinson.

Judge Robinson is described as a man of sour and cynical disposition, who had been raised to the bench—so, at least, it was commonly believed—simply because he had written in favour of the government of his day a number of pamphlets remarkable for nothing but their servile and rancorous scurrility. At a time when Curran was only just rising into notice, and while he was yet a poor and struggling man, this judge ventured upon a sneering joke, which, small though it was, but for Curran's ready wit and scathing eloquence, might have done him irreparable injury. Speaking of some opinion of counsel on the opposite side, Curran said he had consulted all his books and could not find a single case in which the principle in dispute was thus established. "That may be, Mr. Curran," sneered the judge; "but I suspect your law library is rather limited." Curran eyed the heartless toady for a moment, and then broke forth with this noble retaliation. "It is very true, my lord, that I am poor, and this circumstance has certainly rather curtailed my library. My books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty, but I should be ashamed of my wealth if I could stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-acquired elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and notoriously contemptible."

The wit of a judge has sometimes been more conspicuous than his wisdom or his respect for the law. A curious old story, given in one of the publications of the Camden Society, may be taken as an illustration of this. The story is headed "Much Justice and little Law," and runs thus: "There was a business that could not be conducted by a single justice, yet Sir Edward Peyton, as a prerogative assse, would needs convent the parties before him. One, being a shrewd, understanding, plaine fellow, told him he thought his worshipspe was mistaken, for one justice was not sufficient for the business. 'Why, sirrha,' says he, 'am I not a justice of the peace?' 'Yes, an't please your worshipspe.' 'And am not I a justice

of the quorum?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Why, then, sirrha,' says he, 'there's two justices for you;' and so he entered like a foole into the cause."

But though jokes and witticisms have sometimes emanated from the bench, they have far more frequently come from the bar and the witness-box. An off-hand joke is always more or less of a speculation; until it is uttered even the joker cannot be quite certain that it is a good one. Few men have ever said a great many "good things" without saying a still greater number of bad ones; and the judge who should continually be giving expression to small and inferior jokes, such as may pass very well between the bar and the witness-box, would seriously impair his dignity. With the witness who for just one brief period in a lifetime, perhaps, finds himself pitted against a keen cross-examiner, and under the full glare of the public bull's-eye, or with the barrister whose success in his profession depends, or is supposed to depend to a great extent on his power of cajoling and browbeating a witness, the case is different, and "wit and sneers, and deadly-brain blows," are often exchanged with a freedom which is certain now and then to produce a "palpable hit," and which not infrequently culminates in what is called a scene in court.

A quick and ready wit is an almost indispensable endowment in a good cross-examining counsel, but the quickest and readiest sometimes finds his match. "Oh, you say this gentleman was about fifty-five," said Canning, to a pert young woman in the witness-box, "and I suppose now you consider yourself to be a pretty good judge of people's ages, eh? Ah, just so. Well, now, how old should you take me to be?" "Judging by your appearance, sir," replied the witness, "I should take you to be about sixty. By your questions I should suppose you were about sixteen." Whether counsel had any more questions for this lady is not recorded. "Now," began another learned gentleman, rising slowly from among his professional brethren, and looking very profound, "Now are you prepared to swear that this mare was three years old?" "Swear?" returned the stableman in the box, "yes, I'll swear she was." "And pray, sir, upon what authority are you prepared to swear it?" "What authority?" echoed the witness. "Yes, sir, upon what authority? You are to give me an answer, and not repeat my question." "I don't see as a man can be expected to answer a question before he has had time to turn it over." "Nothing can be simpler than the question put to you. Upon what authority, I repeat, do you swear to this animal's age?" "On very good authority." "Then why this evasion? Why not state it at once?" "Well, if you must have it—" "Must have it!" interrupted the man of law, "I will have it." "Well, then, if you must and will have it," said the ostler, with deliberate gravity, "I had it from the mare's own mouth."

A particularly witty reply was once made by a well-known English architect, who had been giving an important opinion, and whose professional status Mr. Serjeant Garrow, the opposing counsel, was anxious to depreciate. "You are a builder, I believe?" began the serjeant. "No, sir, I am not a builder; I am an architect." "Ah, well, builder or architect, architect or builder, they are pretty much the same, I suppose." "I beg your pardon, sir, I can't admit that; I consider them to be totally different." "Oh, indeed; perhaps you will state wherein this great

difference consists." "An architect, sir, conceives the design, prepares the plans, draws out the specifications—in short, supplies the mind. The builder is merely the machine; the architect the power that puts the machine together and sets it going." "Oh, very well, Mr. Architect, that will do; a very ingenious distinction without a difference. Do you happen to know who was the architect of the Tower of Babel?" "There was no architect, sir," replied the witness, "hence the confusion there."

A very smart, though a very insolent retort was once made to a magistrate by an impecunious-looking fellow, upon whom a somewhat heavy fine had just been imposed for drunkenness. From the appearance of the culprit everybody in court probably expected that he would have to go to prison, but to the surprise of all, the delinquent displayed a pocket full of money, and sullenly began to count out the amount of his fine, whereupon the magistrate proceeded to remonstrate with him on his recklessness in going about the streets in a state of drunkenness with such a sum of money about him. It was a wonder, remarked the magistrate, that he had not been robbed. "As to robbery," growled the prisoner, "it's mighty little difference I can see between being robbed in the streets and being robbed here." Another instance of a ready-witted culprit is given in the Camden publication to which reference has just been made. "A rogue was branded on the hand, and before he went from the barre the judge had them search if he were not branded before. 'No, my lord,' says he, 'I was never branded before.' They searcht, and found the marke. 'Oh, you're an impudent slave. What think you now?' 'I cry your honour's mercy,' says he, 'for I ever thought my shoulders stood behind.'" And again, in the same book, is another story: "One Dr. Warren, a divine in degree and profession, yet seldome in the pulpitt or church, but a justice of peace, and very pragmatikal in secular businesse, having a fellow before him good refractorie and stubborne: 'Well, sirrha,' says he, 'goe your wayes. I'll teach you law, I'll warrant you.' 'Sir,' says he, 'I had rather your worshippe would teach us some Gospell.'"

"Which way did these stairs run?" was a question once put to a witness who was well known to be rather a wag in his way. "That," he promptly replied, "altogether depends upon where you are standing. If you are at the bottom they run up, but if you are at the top they run down."

Our friend Pat has, of course, occasionally distinguished himself by his ready wit and humour in the witness-box, as everywhere else. He was once on trial for some offence or other in New York, when, in answer to the charge against him, he pleaded not guilty. As soon as the jury had taken their places, the district attorney proceeded to call Mr. Furkisson as a witness. With the utmost innocence Patrick—so the story is told—turned his face to the judge, and said: "Do I understand, yer honour, that Mr. Furkisson is to be a witness foreinst me?" "It seems so," the judge answered, drily. "Well, thin, yer honour, I plade guilty, shure, if yer honour please; not because I am guilty, for I'm as innocent as a suckin' babe, but just on account of savin' Mither Furkisson's sowl." Another native of the Emerald Isle was asked whether he could show any proof that he was married, and instantly displayed a scar on his head "about the size of the knob on a fire shovel," while another raised a laugh in court by candidly

admitting that he had had a *hand* in kicking the plaintiff downstairs.

There is one more joke recorded in the Camden publication already quoted, which, although no Irishman appears to have been concerned in it, is well worthy the reputation Pat has managed to acquire. "A controversie being at Bury assizes about wintering of cattell before Baron Trevers, then judge upon the bench, and the demand being extreame high, 'My friend,' sayes he, 'this is most unreasonable. I wonder thou art not ashamed, for I myself have knowne a beast winter'd one whole summer for a crown.' 'That was a bull, my lord, I believe,' sayes the fellow, at which ridiculous expression by the judge, and slye retorted jeere of the countryman, the whole court fell into a most profuse laughter."

Unconscious drollery, perhaps, ought not to come under the head of wit, but it is very apt to provoke "profuse laughter," and few things of this kind have been more effective than the very unwitting joke of an "infant plaintiff," who was once held up to the inspection of an impressionable jury by her tender-hearted legal advocate, weeping piteously. This seemed likely to produce a great effect on the jury, and at once brought the learned counsel on the other side to his feet. "What are you crying for, my little dear?" he asked, in his most insinuating tones. "Bo-o-o," responded the "infant plaintiff," "'Cause he's pinching me."

I Doubting Heart.

WHERE are the swallows fled?

Frozen and dead,

Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore,

O doubting heart!

Far over purple seas,

They wait in sunny ease,

The balmy southern breeze,

To bring them to the northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?

Prisoned they lie

In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.

O doubting heart!

They only sleep below

The soft white ermine snow,

While winter winds shall blow,

To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays

These many days;

Will dreary hours never leave the earth?

O doubting heart!

The stormy clouds on high

Veil the same sunny sky,

That soon (for spring is nigh)

Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light

Is quenched in night.

What sound can break the silence of despair?

O doubting heart!

Thy sky is overcast,

Yet stars shall rise at last,

Brighter for darkness past,

And angels' silver voices stir the air.*

* From Adelaide Anne Procter's "Legends and Lyrics." By permission of George Bell and Son.

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ANGEL HEADS.

[From the Picture in the National Gallery, by Sir Joshua Reynolds



ANTIQUARIAN GOSSIP ON THE MONTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BRITISH POPULAR CUSTOMS, PAST AND PRESENT."

December.

AT this dark and wintry season of the year, what a different aspect Nature presents to that which she displayed in "Flowery May" or "Leafy June." Now, to quote the words of Scott—

"No mark of vegetable life is seen,
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call,
Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,
Save the lone redbreast on the moss-grown wall."

At such a time, then, the festival of Christmas occurs most opportunely, not only to cheer our hearts with its "glad tidings of great joy," but to enliven and brighten our homes with its family merry makings and friendly greetings. Thus Washington Irving remarks how "there is something in this very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivities of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we 'live abroad and everywhere.' But in the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. Our thoughts are more concentrated, our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoyment."

By our Anglo-Saxon forefathers December was called *Winter-Monat*, or *Winter-Month*, but after their conversion to Christianity the name was changed to *Heligh-Monat*, or *Holy-Month*, on account of the anniversary of Christ's birth; and in parts of Germany the term *Christomonat* is still given to it. In Northumberland it was formerly called *Hagmana*, a word of which further mention will be made in the course of this paper.

In ancient times, on St. Nicholas's Day (December 6th) a curious custom of electing the "boy-bishop," or "*Episcopus Puerorum*," took place, who from this date until Innocents', or Childermas Day, exercised, says a correspondent of "*Book of Days*," "a burlesque episcopal jurisdiction, and with his juvenile dean and prebendaries, parodied the various ecclesiastical functions and ceremonies." This ceremony, as far as we can learn, prevailed throughout most of the English cathedrals, and was also kept up in many grammar schools. At what period it took its rise in this country is uncertain, but there is little doubt that, after it had been established on the Continent, it would soon find its way here. Warton* was of opinion that he found distinct traces of this religious mockery as early as the year 867 or 870. His words are, "At the Constantinopolitan Synod, 867, at which were present three hundred and seventy-three bishops, it was found to be a solemn custom in the courts of princes, on certain stated days, to dress

some laymen in the episcopal apparel, who should exactly personate a bishop, both in his tonsure and ornaments. This scandal to the clergy was anathematized. But ecclesiastical synods have often proved too weak to suppress popular spectacles, which take deep root in the public manners, and are only concealed for a while to spring up afresh with new vigour." The boy-bishop at Salisbury is actually said to have had the power of disposing of such prebends there as happened to fall vacant during the days of his episcopacy. If he died during his office, he not only received the funeral honours of a bishop, but even had a monument erected to his memory. At last, however, after a very long existence, this ridiculous and profane practice was abrogated by a proclamation of King Henry the Eighth's, dated July 22nd, 1542. Queen Mary seems to have restored it, for in Strype's "*Ecclesiastical Memorials*" (vol. iii. p. 202) we read that on November 13th, 1554, an edict was issued by the Bishop of London to all the clergy of his diocese, to have a boy-bishop in procession. It would naturally again be put down when Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne; but yet it seems, says Brand, to have been exhibited in the country villages towards the latter end of her reign. Rock ("*Church of Our Fathers*," 1853), speaking on this subject, says that "if schoolboys had the patron St. Nicholas, little girls had their patroness too, St. Catherine, who by her learning overthrew the cavillings of many heathen philosophers, and won some of them to Christianity. On this festival, therefore, did the girls walk about the towns in their processions."

In some parts of the country St. Thomas's Day (December 21st) is still observed by a custom called "going a gooding." Early in the morning the poor people go round the village, from house to house, begging either money or provisions with which to celebrate the approaching festivity of Christmas. In return for the presents given to them, it was customary for the recipients, in days gone by, to present their benefactors with a sprig of holly or mistletoe. In Herefordshire St. Thomas's Day is called by the poor people "Mumping Day," and the custom of going from house to house, asking for contributions, is termed *going a-mumping*. In many parts of Staffordshire, we learn from a correspondent of "*Notes and Queries*," representatives from every poor family in the parish go round for alms. The clergyman is expected to give one shilling to each person, and consequently the celebration of this day is attended with no small expense. Some of the parishioners give alms in money, others in kind. Thus, for example, some of the farmers give corn, which the millers grind gratis. In some places the money collected is given to the clergyman and churchwardens, who, on the Sunday nearest to St. Thomas's Day, distribute it at the vestry. The fund is called St. Thomas's Dole, and the day itself, Doleing Day. At Harvington, in Worcestershire, the following rhyme was sung:—

* See Brand's "*Pop. Antiq.*" 1849, vol. 1, pp. 415-431.

"Wissal, wissal through the town,
If you've got any apples throw them down;
Up with the stockings and down with the shoe,
If you've got no apples money will do.
The jug is white and the ale is brown,
This is the best house in the town."

On the 21st of this month happens the *Winter Solstice*, or Shortest Day, when the sun is something less than eight hours above the horizon.

In the primitive Church Christmas Day was kept as a holyday, and hence was preceded by an Eve or Vigil, as an occasion of preparing for the day following. The day of the Vigil was spent in the ordinary manner, but with the evening, says Soane,* the sports began; about seven or eight o'clock hot cakes were drawn from the oven; ale, cyder, and spirits went freely round, and the carol singing commenced, which was continued through the greater part of the night. For a graphic picture of this night, in the olden time, most of our readers are no doubt acquainted with that furnished by Sir Walter Scott in "*Marmion*," which ends as follows:—

"England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year."

Although many of the superstitious practices of former times have fallen into disuse, yet some are still kept up in various parts of the country with more or less vigour. Thus, in Devonshire, it is still customary on Christmas Eve for the farmer, with his family and friends, says a correspondent of "*Book of Days*," after partaking together of hot cakes and cyder, to proceed to the orchard, one of the party bearing hot cake and cyder, as an offering to the principal apple-tree. The cake is formally deposited on the fork of the tree, and the cyder thrown over the latter, the men firing guns and pistols, and the women and girls shouting:—

"Bear blue, apples and pears enow,
Barn fulls, sack fulls, bag fulls.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

In Cornwall, the yule log goes by the name of the "*Mock*," and great festivities attend the burning of it, one of which is the old ceremony of lighting the block with a brand produced from the fire of last year. In the south-east of Ireland, we are told that people on Christmas Eve scarcely go to bed at all, and the first who announces the crowing of the cock, if a male, is rewarded with a cup of tea, in which is mixed a glass of spirits; if a female, with the tea only; but as a substitute for the whisky, she is saluted with several kisses. Among some of the customs now obsolete may be mentioned a pretty one practised at St. Cuthbert's Church, Ackworth, in Yorkshire, where it was usual to suspend outside the porch a sheaf of corn for the especial benefit of the birds, as is still done in Scandinavian countries. In the "*Gentleman's Magazine*" (vol. xc. p. 33) is the following account of a custom that formerly existed at Tretyre on Christmas Eve. The writer, describing it, says:—"They make a cake, poke a stick through it, fasten it upon the horn of an ox, and say certain words, begging a good crop of corn for the master. The men and boys attending

the oxen range themselves around. If the ox throws a cake behind, it belongs to the men, if before, to the boys. They take with them a wooden bottle of cyder and drink it, repeating the charm before mentioned."

During the last few years carol singing has been extensively revived at this season. It had never, indeed, quite died out in our rural districts, in which may be annually purchased at the village shop roughly printed broadsides with grotesque woodcuts. The Christmas carol (said to be derived from *cantare*, to sing, and *rola*, an interjection of joy) is undoubtedly of very ancient origin. Bishop Taylor observes that the "*Gloria in Excelsis*," the well-known hymn sung by the angels to the shepherds at our Lord's nativity, was the earliest Christmas carol. Milton, too, in the twelfth book of his "*Paradise Lost*," alludes to this. He says:—

"His place of birth a solemn angel tells
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung."

In the early ages of the Church it appears that bishops were in the habit of singing these sacred canticles among their clergy. Curious to say, there are scarcely to be found any traces at all of Christmas carol singing in Scotland, although such a practice has been so general, not only in England, but in France and other parts of the Continent.

Another old custom that still lingers on is that of the "*waits*"—musicians who for two or three weeks before Christmas play by night, generally terminating their performances on Christmas Eve. Much uncertainty exists as to the meaning of the word *waits*, some being of opinion that it originally denoted either musical instruments or a particular kind of music; while others again think it referred to the persons who played. It must be admitted, however, that any conclusion we may arrive at on this subject can only be purely conjectural, as after taking into account all that has been written on the term in question, the evidence in support of the many views that have been started seems very equally divided. In London the post of master of the waits was formerly purchased, and in Westminster it was an appointment under the control of the High Constable and the Court of Burgesses.*

On Christmas Eve it was customary with our ancestors to light up candles of an uncommon size, and to lay a large log of wood upon the fire, called a yule log, to illuminate the house, and, as it were, turn night into day. Herrick, in his "*Hesperides*," thus alludes to this practice:—

"Come bring with a noise, my merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame she—bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring."

With the last year's brand—light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psalteries play—that sweet luck may
Come while the log is a-tending."

Drink now the strong beere, cut the white loafe here,
The while the meat is a shredding,
For the rare mince-pie, and the plums stand by,
To fill the paste that's a-kneading."

* "*Curiosities of Literature*."

* See "*Book of Days*," vol. ii. p. 743.

In the earlier ages Christmas Day was called in the Eastern Church the *Epiphany*, or *Manifestation of the Light*, a name which, however, was subsequently given to "Twelfth Day;" and among the Anglo-Saxons it was reckoned as the beginning of the year. The season of the Nativity is now no longer celebrated by that hospitality which characterised its observance among our ancestors. At present Christmas gatherings are almost entirely confined to family parties. The wassail bowl, the yule log, and the lord of misrule, with a long train of sports and customs which formerly prevailed at this time, are forgotten; and nowadays the decking of churches, and occasionally of houses, with holly and other evergreens, forms almost the only indication that the great festival has again come round ("Knight's English Cyclopædia," 1859, vol. ii. p. 182). Thus, for example, in a tract entitled "Round about our Coal Fire," we have the following account of the way in which Christmas was observed in days gone by:—"An English gentleman at the opening of the great day—i.e., on Christmas Day in the morning—had all his tenants and neighbours enter his hall by daybreak. The strong beer was broached, and the black-jacks went plentifully about, with toast, sugar, nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese. The hackin (the great sausage) must be boiled by daybreak, or else two young men must take the maiden (i.e., the cook) by the arms, and run her round the market-place till she is ashamed of her laziness. In Christmas holidays the tables were all spread from the first to the last; the sirloins of beef, the minced pies, the plum porridge, the capons, turkeys, geese, and plum-puddings, were all brought upon the board. Every one ate heartily, and was welcome, which gave rise to the proverb, 'Merry in the hall, when beards wag all.'"

Dr. Rimbault,* speaking also of Christmas in the olden times, says that among the various games and sports were card-playing, chess, draughts, jack-puddings in the hall, fiddlers and musicians, who were regaled with a black-jack of beer and a Christmas pie; also singing the wassail, scrambling for nuts, apples, and cakes; dancing round standards decorated with evergreens in the streets, the famous old hobby-horse, hunting owls and squirrels, the fool plough, hot cockles, and the game of hoodman-blind.

Among the many customs now almost obsolete may be mentioned a very pretty one, namely, that of bearing the "vessel," or more properly, the wassail-cup. This consists of a box containing two dolls, dressed up to represent the Virgin and the infant Christ, decorated with ribbons and surrounded by flowers and apples. The box has usually a glass lid, is covered over with a white cloth, and carried by a woman from house to house. On the top, over the box, a basin is placed, and the bearer, on reaching her destination, uncovers the box and sings the carol commonly known as the "Seven Joys of the Virgin." The carrying of the "vessel-cup" is entirely a fortuitous speculation, as it is considered so unlucky to send any one away without a present of some sort that few can be found bold enough to do so. This custom, some years ago, was kept up at Leeds under the name of a "Wesley-bob."

In Sheffield a male must be the first to enter a house on the morning of both Christmas Day and New Year's Day; but there is no distinction made

as to complexion or colour of hair. In the houses of the more opulent manufacturers, says a correspondent of "Notes and Queries," these first admissions are often accorded to choirs of workpeople, who, as "waits," proceed at an early hour and sing before the houses of their employers and friends Christmas carols and hymns, always commencing with that beautiful composition—

"Christians, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born."

On expressing their good wishes to the inmates, they are generally rewarded with something warm, and occasionally with a present in money. In Herefordshire, and also in Worcestershire, it is considered very unlucky for either new shoes or tanned leather to be received into the house during Christmas week, and very great attention is generally paid to this curious superstition.

In Scotland Christmas is kept up, in some parts, with great merrymaking and rejoicing. He who first opens the door on "Yule Day" expects to prosper more than any other member of the family during the future year, because, according to the vulgar phrase, "he lets in yule."

St. Stephen's Day (December 26th) is now most familiarly known amongst us as "Boxing Day," a term which most probably owes its origin to the old practice of depositing the Christmas gifts in a money-box, from which they could not be taken unless the box was broken open. Many allusions to this custom may be found in our old writers. Humphrey Browne, when speaking of a miser, says "he doth exceed in receiving, but is very deficient in giving; like the Christmas earthen boxes of apprentices, apt to take in money, but hee restores none till hee be broken like a potter's vessel into many shares." Gay, too, in his "Trivia," has the following:—

"Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Beloved by uncles and kind good old aunts;
When time comes round a Christmas-box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year."

Formerly, in the parish of Drayton Beauchamp, Buckinghamshire, a custom existed on this day called *Stephening*. All the inhabitants used to go to the rectory and eat as much bread and cheese, and drink as much ale, as they chose, at the expense of the rector. In the town of East Dereham, Norfolk, it is customary to ring a muffled peal from the church tower in the morning, a custom which exists at Woodchester, in Gloucestershire, on Holy Innocents' Day.

Until within the last thirty years it was the custom in Ireland for groups of young villagers, called wren-boys, to bear about a holly-bush adorned with ribbons, and having many wrens hanging from it, on St. Stephen's Day. As they went from house to house, they sung a song, the burthen of which may be gathered from the following lines:—

"The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
St. Stephen's Day was caught in the furze;
Although he is little, his family's great,
I pray you, good landlady, give us a treat," etc.

A small gratuity was generally bestowed on them, and the day concluded with merrymaking and feasting with the money thus collected.

In Northamptonshire, Holy Innocents' Day (December 28th) is commonly called "Dyzemas Day."

* "Notes and Queries," 2nd S. vol. xii. p. 489.

Miss Baker, in her "Glossary of Northamptonshire Words" (vol. i. p. 207), says that she was told by a sexagenarian on the southern side of the county that, within his remembrance, this day was kept as sacred as the Sabbath, and it was considered most unlucky to commence any work, or even to wash, on the same day of the week throughout the year on which the anniversary of this day last fell, and it was commonly said, "What is begun on Dyzeamas Day will never be finished." In Ireland it is termed "the Cross day of the year," and on it the Irish housewife will not warp thread, nor permit it to be warped, and according to the general superstition, anything begun on this day must have an unlucky ending.

From the old custom of singing carols on the last night of the year, it has been called Singing E'en; and in consequence, also, of the numerous services held for the purpose of "watching out the old year," it has of late been termed "Watch Night." Formerly at this season the head of the house assembled his family around a bowl of spiced ale, from which he drank their healths, then passed it to the rest, that they might drink too. The word that passed amongst them was the ancient Saxon phrase, *wass hael*, that is, *to your health*. Hence this came to be recognised as the wassail or wassel bowl. (Book of Days, vol. i. p. 27.) Formerly in Nottinghamshire* the wassail was observed to a considerable extent. The young women of the village, neatly dressed for the occasion, and bearing about a bowl richly decorated with evergreens and ribbons, and filled with a compound called "lambswool," called at the chief houses, singing, amongst other verses, the following:—

"Good master, at your door,
Our wassail we begin;
We all are maidens poor,
So we pray you let us in,
And drink our wassail!
All hail, wassail!
Wassail, wassail!
And drink our wassail."

In Scotland the universal name for the last day of the year is "Hogmanay." It is regarded by all as a great holiday, and early in the morning troops of children herald it in by wandering about the streets, and calling at the doors of the well-to-do inhabitants for the customary dole of oaten bread, at the same time shouting—

"Hogmanay,
Trollolay,

Give us of your white bread, and none of your grey."

Much doubt exists as to the exact meaning of the words *hogmanay* and *trollolay*. The late Professor Robison was of opinion that *hogmanay* is derived from "Au guy menez"—to the mistletoe go—which was formerly the lay of mummers at this season in France. Another explanation is, "Au gueux menez"—bring to the beggars.†

At the town of Biggar, in Lanarkshire, it has been the practice, from time immemorial, to celebrate what is termed "burning out the old year." For this purpose a large quantity of fuel is collected, consisting of branches of trees, brushwood, and coals, and about nine o'clock at night the fire is lighted, to view which visitors come from the whole adjacent neighbourhood, and are not content unless

they cast into the flaming mass some additional portion of material. It should be added that in many other parts of Scotland customs of a like nature are still kept up. In some places the children go about from door to door, asking for bread-and-cheese, which they call "hog-money," repeating the following lines:—

"Get up, gude wife, and binno sweir (i.e., be not lazy),
And deal your cakes and cheese while you are here;
For the time will come when ye'll be dead,
And neither need your cheese nor bread."

In Ireland, on the last night of the year, a cake is thrown against the outside door of the house by the head of the family, as this ceremony is said to keep out hunger during the ensuing one.

Christmas Hymn.

As shadows cast by cloud and sun
Flit o'er the summer grass,
So, in Thy sight, Almighty One!
Earth's generations pass.

And while the years, an endless host,
Come pressing swiftly on,
The brightest names that earth can boast
Just glisten, and are gone.

Yet doth the Star of Bethlehem shed
A lustre pure and sweet;
And still it leads, as once it led,
To the Messiah's feet.

And deeply, at this later day,
Our hearts rejoice to see
How children, guided by its ray,
Come to the Saviour's knee.

O Father, may that Holy Star
Grow every year more bright,
And send its glorious beam afar,
To fill the world with light.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

CHRISTMAS IN TROPICAL AUSTRALIA.

"A MERRY Christmas and a happy New Year." This is a salutation that is given in any part of the world where Britons have pitched their tents. It contains no allusion to blazing fires, with yule logs, nor to the white mantle which Englishmen expect to see spread over the earth. We in Australia do not quite forget that it is Christmas time, even under the blazing sun of Capricorn; but our enjoyments partake a little more of the *al fresco* order than they are wont to do at this season in the old country. I am now staying on the tropical line, and for the benefit of my younger friends, I may mention that at twelve o'clock at noon the other day I looked up a kitchen chimney and saw the sun looking down into it. This was a vertical sun with a vengeance, and the heat was in due proportion to the directness of his rays.

Perhaps it may amuse you to hear how I have passed a Christmas in the other side of the

* See "Journal of Archaeological Association," vol. viii. p. 230.
† Consult Chambers's "Pop. Rhymes," 1870, pp. 164, 165.

world, and my description will serve to show how the "Young Australian" takes his *summer* holiday. Did you ever hear of "Emu Park"? Probably not. Place the top of your finger on latitude 23°, on the eastern coast of Australia, and some portion of it will be sure to cover the exact spot. This is supposed to be the watering-place of the rising town of Rockhampton, and has been marked out as a township, and some of the allotments have, I believe, been sold, but there are no houses, save one public-house, and two or three small wooden cottages, the summer residences of some of the *élite*. These houses have, however, been left entirely without furniture, for fear of the *Blacks*. There are no streets, nor any indication of where it is intended they shall be; nor are there any Emus, as the name might suggest, much less a park for them to run in.

Instead of all these, there is a long length of high coast, looking very much like the Brighton Downs, and entirely bare of all vegetation, excepting coarse grass and a few patches of scrub. There is no fresh water within two or three miles of the township—which is a slight drawback, certainly—but the broad Pacific, all studded with jagged rocks and high steep volcanic islets, rolls its heavy surf upon sands and rocks with a never-ending roar.

There are fine hard curves of golden sands extending for miles, like the Jersey bays, most delightful to gallop over; and there are bluffs and headlands and tremendous piles of crag and stone. It is not the most picturesque spot for a picnic, but then the weather is not cold—quite the contrary—and the chances are it will be magnificently fine.

Some hundreds of the good people of Rockhampton resolved to pass their Christmas holidays at Emu Park, and I resolved to go and see how they did it. The party which I was invited to join made as much preparation as if they were going on a campaign. Drays were sent down beforehand—the distance is about thirty miles through the bush—loaded with tents and pots and pans and provisions and *et ceteras* of a very multitudinous description, comprising dozens upon dozens of lemonade and soda-water, with other things in proportion, to satisfy one's thirst, and a little mountain of provisions to appease the cravings of hunger; and last, but not least, a goodly crop of babies, who squalled in turns and in varying keys, according to sex and age. I travelled down on horseback, and did not arrive till tents were pitched and everything complete, and the whole township seemed alive with people, many with their tents, but many more camping out under their drays, and with watchfires all around. When we took up our places for the night on the bare ground in the small tent allotted to the gentlemen, we lay closely packed, very much like sardines in a row. There was a tent close by for the ladies and babies, and various sounds proceeding from that tent enlivened the dark still hours of the night! It was rather pleasant now and then to creep out of the tent into the open air, and to watch the bright glories of the Southern Cross bending to the western edge, emblazoned in a host of glittering stars. We had a parlour outside which served for taking our meals. It had no walls, but there was a ceiling of canvas stretched on four poles, and the bare earth was the floor. The furniture was for the most part composed of old brandy cases, in which our provisions had been packed for the journey. The table was a compound of broken cases and old boards, and most of

the seats were brandy cases set up on end; mine was a pail of water covered with a board, in which I kept the beer from par-boiling, and from which I fished up bottle after bottle as required. Our kitchen was close by, on the beach, and consisted of a large fire, on which stood a camp kettle and sundry pots and pans of iron. Two or three of the ladies attended to the cooking. Hard by there were several live geese and a big Muscovy duck, riding at anchor on one leg, and waiting their turn to minister to our daily wants. These creatures had a happy knack of waking us up about four a.m., which was rather troublesome, though we never thought of lying much after five o'clock, as we wanted our swim in the Pacific, before the sun grew too hot and fiery. There were plenty of sharks about, but as we bathed in squads of from thirty to fifty, and did not venture into deep water, they were probably as shy of us as we were of them. In the next cove to us, but separated from us by a deep curtain of rocks, the ladies bathed, also in flocks. Bathing was a necessity for both men and women, for as all the fresh water we had was brought some miles on drays, and was pretty muddy into the bargain, it would have been far too costly a luxury to indulge in ablutions of the ordinary kind. We generally bathed again at sunset.

What did we do in the daytime? Well, that was rather a puzzle. It was too hot to do anything, so we lay part of the time in our tents. The horses, too, were a constant care. There were about 200 of them, and, of course, they were all hobbled. But even in hobbles a horse can hobble away to a considerable distance during the long night, for you must remember that in the tropics it is quite dark soon after seven in the height of summer. They generally managed to make for the water holes, although two or three miles away. One of our party—and I need not say that I, as a "new chum," was never selected for the office—always set off early in the morning on foot with a bridle in his hand, and after catching the first quadruped he could get at, he mounted and drove in the others. We were fortunate in never losing any of our horses, although several of our neighbours were very unlucky in this respect. Horses, like people, go in cliques, and as ours were well acquainted, they always kept together. After breakfast the best fun of the day commenced. With nothing on but a shirt and a hat we mounted our barebacked steeds, and took them out to sea. They did not half like it, and there was great snorting and plunging as the high surf came rolling in; but a fall was of no consequence in the water, and so we forced them to swim till only their heads were visible and we were half submerged. The only real danger was from sharks, and one fellow showed his back fin within a very few yards of me, but he was luckily not quite game to attack a horse and his rider.

This salt bath made the horses very sleek and spirited, and we had some splendid gallops over the sands and up the hills, driving the kangaroos from their cover, and following them as they fled away with long swift bounds. There were some craggy islands hard by, to which we sailed, and on landing had a huge feast of oysters gathered fresh from the rocks. These islands are the resort of turtles, who come there to lay their eggs; but we were not fortunate in discovering any, as they are pretty quick in hurrying off into the sea when disturbed.

Our religious services were not quite neglected, for we had one minister amongst us, though not of the Established Church. Service was held in the evening, and we all sat down in rows on the side of a grassy hill, whilst the minister stood just below with his face turned towards us. The full moon shed a soft brilliancy over everything, and lit up the sea with a silvery light. Hymns were sung, and we had a sermon, which might very well compare with many of those in the old country. The contrasts in a new colony are rather strange. Just before the white men held their service, the black men held a corroboree. Of course we went to see these naked black fellows, grotesquely chalked all over, and dancing wildly with furious gestures and most violent contortions. The sight was more singular than pleasing, but it was highly characteristic, and agreed with the natural surroundings. In a few years these poor fellows will have passed away, just as they have gone from Victoria and New South Wales, where you must go far indeed to see a wild native.

Our holiday closed with a long, hot ride home, under a vertical sun, with the thermometer at 100° in the shade. In Australia this great heat does not hurt you much, if you are careful to protect your head and neck from the sun's rays. As I lay at night in my tent on the hard dry ground, I could not help picturing the friends at home, buried in blankets and eider-downs, or roasting before glowing fires; but probably most of them prefer the English Christmas to the one I have just described at the Antipodes. Still it is pleasant to find, when you travel in the most distant parts of the world, that wherever the English flag floats, there live all the memories or Christmas-time, not merely those of a social and jovial kind, but also the hallowed thoughts that usher in that holy festival.

"Peace on earth, good will to men," is sung in hymn and carol throughout the broad Australian land, and many a little iron church and chapel is wreathed with gorgeous creepers from the bush in place of the holly and green of old England.

C. H. ALLEN.

ITALY ONE AND FREE.

THE narrative by Mary Howitt of the ceremonies witnessed by her at Rome in honour of Joseph Mazzini has been given as being of historical value. All the faults of the man were forgotten in the patriotism, of ancient Roman type, by which he was animated. The same feeling seems to have inspired the following tributary verses, by one who was a friend of Mazzini in his darkness and exile.

In London's busy streets the exile dwelt
For years, in solitude among his books.
Only a few knew what his great heart felt,
Though many might have gathered from his looks,
If not his speech.—His was a soul apart
From common thought or work of school or mart.

Yet we knew well, how some, of high degree
In the fair realm of sweet and liberal thought,
Loved the Italian, and in sympathy
Of holy purpose their true friendship brought;
And gathered round him, as with glowing pen
He made his brave appeal to all true men.

And we knew how, with patriotic pity,

He brought his young compatriots to his school,
And taught them to think less of that fair City,
Or this dear Province, than of the Great Rule
And Truth of God, which one day should unite
All Italy, and make her Future bright.

We knew his worth and work while others chided,

It was our joy to cheer his patient toil:
But many critics doubted or derided,
And said, "This dreamer wastes his midnight oil;—
Historian, scholar, poet though he be,
He cannot save divided Italy."

"While Austria's eagle rends, with bloody beak,

Its quivering prey; and other eagles wait
On the same quarry—reader still to wreak
Their cruel wrath,—poor Italy's sad fate
Is to be passive. Nothing can withstand
The spoiler's power, or save this beauteous land."

"O, Land of Dante's Vision brave and clear!

Home of all noble Art and rarest Song!—
Thine is the World's great Painter; thine the Seer;
To thee all gentle gifts and grace belong;
But not the strong compacted unity—
The bold emprise and purpose of the Free."

So wrote the critics: but the Patriot's pen

Delayed not to send forth its burning words;
Till in due time a few brave-hearted men
Responded and unsheathed their eager swords,—
Men in whose souls those words infused new might,
Teaching them how to love and when to fight.

To love not Naples chiefly, nor dear Rome,
Nor fairest Florence, nor the marble shore
Of stately Venice—but one only Home
Beneath one circling roof—where evermore,
From the great Alpine Chain to the broad Sea,
They and their children's children should be free!

All this is done!—Mazzini's one great mission
Is all fulfilled. To him 'twas given to see
The glorious fabric of his brightest Vision
Become Historic Fact, and Italy,
Trodden to earth for many generations,
Rise to her place amongst earth's foremost nations.

C. E. MUDIE.

HOW A PLUM-PUDDING WAS MADE IN PARIS.

MOST of our readers have heard of a famous attempt to make a real English plum-pudding in Paris, and how it failed, in spite of all the art of the king's cooks, because they were not told to tie the materials in a cloth! The often-told story was retold in a lively way by the Rev. Gordon Calthrop in the Christmas number of "Hand and Heart" last year. One of the French monarchs, wishing to show honour to the English ambassador on Christmas Day, gave orders that his cooks should make a plum-pudding for the foreign guest; and inasmuch as the cooks had no idea whatever of the way in which the eatable in question was to be fabricated, for they had never seen a plum-pudding before, perhaps scarcely ever heard of one, he sent to England for a recipe for making it.

The recipe came—so many raisins, so much suet so much flour, etc., etc. Everything perfect. There

could not possibly have been a better recipe given. This was handed over to the cooks, with strict injunctions not to deviate from it by one hair's-breadth, to observe it with the most perfect accuracy. They did so—the weight of the ingredients, their quality, the size of the copper in which it was to be boiled, the quantity of water, the duration of time—all was attended to. And the king spoke in dark, mysterious hints to the ambassador of some unknown gratification which was in store for him.

Well, at the appointed time in the dinner, up came the pudding.

"There," said his majesty, "*mon ami*. There! I have prepared a treat for you. There is your national dish, prepared in your national fashion. Eat and be merry."

But the ambassador, instead of eating and being merry, only stared and rubbed his eyes. The plum-pudding was actually brought up in a tureen, and he was expected to eat it out of a soup-plate, like soup, with a spoon! The fact was, that though the king had had the best possible recipe sent him, and had had its injunctions most strictly attended to by his cooks, he had forgotten one little matter—he had omitted to tell them that it was to be boiled in a cloth.

We have to tell the true story of a more successful attempt to get a plum-pudding. The authority is Lady Hawkins, widow of Sir John Hawkins, the friend of Dr. Johnson, and the story appears in the first volume of her "*Anecdotes and Biographical Sketches*."

Dr. Schomberg, of Reading, in the early part of his life, spent a Christmas at Paris with some English friends. They were desirous to celebrate the season, in the manner of their own country, by having as one dish at their table, an English plum-pudding; but no cook was found equal to the task of compounding it. A clergyman of the party had, indeed, an old receipt-book; but this did not sufficiently explain the process. Dr. Schomberg, however, supplied all that was wanting, by throwing the recipe into the form of a prescription, and sending it to the apothecary to be made up. To prevent all possibility of error, he directed that it should be boiled in a cloth, and sent in the same cloth, to be applied at an hour specified. At this hour it arrived, borne by the apothecary's assistant, and preceded by the apothecary himself, dressed, according to the professional formality of the time, with a sword. Seeing when he entered the apartment, instead of signs of sickness, a table well-filled and surrounded by very merry faces, he perceived that he was made a party in a joke that turned on himself, and indignantly laid his hand on his sword; but an invitation to taste his own cookery appeased him, and all was well.

Varieties.

A SUNDAY SERVICE IN A RUINED BULGARIAN VILLAGE.—The special commissioner of the "*Daily News*" (Mr. MacGahan) visited Bazardjik, a thriving Bulgarian village of about 1,300 inhabitants, which was partially destroyed by the Turks on the 28th of May last. The majority of the Christian inhabitants were massacred, although "they had not committed a single act of revolt." Mr. MacGahan writes:—"We rode straight to the church, where a strange and impressive spectacle awaited us. The church was in ruins, and the floor was covered with the stones and tiles of the fallen roof. We had been occupied

with so many things while travelling about in this way that we kept very little account of time, and the days slipped by without our naming them. I am afraid that if the truth were told more than one Sunday came and went without a single one of our party remembering it, and I, for one, am obliged to confess that it never occurred to me that this particular day was the Sabbath until I came in sight of the churchyard. There I was suddenly and unexpectedly reminded of it. Standing there, bareheaded in the sunshine, was an old man—a peasant—reading prayers from a book, and around him, kneeling among the graves, a crowd of people, who gave the responses in a united voice that rose and swelled on the air, and died away in a mournful strain—almost like a funeral wail. The voice of the old man was shrill, broken, and tearful; that of the people round, full, and harmonious—but inexpressibly sad, mournful, full of tears. It was as though all the sorrows, all the sufferings, all the wrongs, of this downtrodden and God-fearing people had taken voice—had turned into prayer—into a piteous appeal to heaven for mercy. In spite of the shattered walls of their roofless homes, in spite of the ruins of the little church around which flowed the current of their village life, in spite of the new-made graves of their slaughtered kinsfolk, among which they were kneeling, these people still believed in the goodness of God. Still believed, perhaps, that wrong is transient, and justice eternal. Still remembered the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and, for want of a better, turned the dwelling of the dead into a house of prayer. The two voices—that of the old man, querulous, broken, tearful, and that of the people, of men, women, and children, old and young, melting into one full, rich swell, but equally tearful—answered, and spoke to each other in a litany whose response or refrain was 'Have mercy on us, have mercy on us.' No cry for vengeance, not even for justice, but only a meek and humble prayer for mercy and for pity—now the prayer of the whole Bulgarian people."

SCHOOL SHIPS.—There are at the present time no less than twenty-two vessels belonging to the Royal Navy occupied as school-ships or training-ships. Of these, her Majesty's ship *Britannia*, off Dartmouth, and her consort the *Hindustan*, are appropriated to naval cadets, and the *Impregnable*, *Implacable*, *St. Vincent*, *Boscawen*, and *Ganges* are used as training establishments for the navy, and accommodate unitedly from 3,500 to 4,000 boys. The *Goliath*, the largest of the seventeen ships lent by the Admiralty for various educational purposes, was calculated to berth 550 boys, and was the only ship in which pauper children were received. The fifteen vessels now at permanent moorings around the coast are thus located:—The *Cornwall*, *Chichester*, *Arethusa*, and *Worcester* are in the Thames; the *Clarence*, *Akbar*, *Conway*, and *Indefatigable*, in the Mersey; the *Wellesley* at Shields, the *Southampton* at Hull, the *Mars* at Dundee, the *Havannah* at Cardiff, the *Gibraltar* at Belfast, the *Cumberland* at Glasgow, and the *Formidable* at Bristol. Most of these are two-deckers, and each accommodates about 200 boys. A further classification of these ships shows that seven are "Industrial" and three "Reformatory" schools, and, as such, certified under the Industrial Schools Act, and subject to Home Office supervision, although they are mainly supported by voluntary aid. Two—the *Conway* at Liverpool, and the *Worcester* at Greenhithe—are schools for officers of the Mercantile Marine; the rest are charitable institutions pure and simple, and are supported entirely by public liberality. Of these, the *Arethusa*, off Greenhithe, has been most recently fitted up, under the superintendence of Captain Thorburn, R.N., the entire cost having been defrayed by Lady Burdett Coutts.

A LITERARY CELEBRITY.—"A friend of mine who has just returned from America tells me that he, a short time since, attended a *séance*, at which the medium obtained messages from several celebrities of both ancient and modern times, and, among others, one (at the request of my friend) from Bucephalus, who condescended to inform the company that he 'still took great interest in literary pursuits, particularly in connection with education.'"—*G. A. K., in Times.*

DAILY TELEGRAPH.—It may not be generally known that a royal edition of this paper is issued daily. On the death of the Prince Consort her Majesty the Queen accidentally saw the "*Telegraph*," and was so touched by the loyalty exhibited in its obituary notice that she ordered a copy to be sent daily to each of the royal palaces. Ever since then twenty-five copies have been especially printed on the finest, thickest, and whitest paper, and duly forwarded, pressed and folded, in accordance with the Queen's command. We have in our possession a copy of this royal edition, and we must say that, in the matter of paper and print, it is really a remarkable specimen of a London daily newspaper.—*The Bookseller.*